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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 2, 1899. NUMBER 23.

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HUMANITY.

There is a soul, above the soul of each,
A mightier soul, which yet to each belongs:
There is a sound made of all human speech,
And numerous as the concourse of all songs:
And in that soul lives each, in each that soul,
Though all the ages, are its lifetime vast;
Each soul that dies, in its most sacred whole
Receiveth life that shall forever last.
And thus forever with a wider span
Humanity o'erarches time and death:
Man can elect the universal man,
And live in life that ends not with his breath:
And gather glory that increases still
Till Time his glass with Death's last dust shall fill.

RICHARD WATSON DIXON.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 12 Sherman Street, Chicago.

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SIXTH SESSION
TO BE HELD
IN
BOSTON,
OCTOBER,
1899.

Dear Friend:

We wish to solicit your aid and co-operation in helping to maintain and extend the work of The Liberal Congress of Religion.

We believe this Congress represents the best organized effort to further the normal progress of humanity. The Congress has safely passed the tentative and negative stages of its growth, and is now broadly constructive in its work. It furnishes a platform upon which all earnest and sincere men and women can meet and exchange counsel, sympathy and inspiration. Its constitution contains this phrase, "Absolute mental liberty." The founders and members of the Congress are of one mind upon this point, that mental liberty to be worthy of the name must be absolute.

We need your help and sympathy and we believe that you need ours.

Our Life Memberships are $25.00 and our Annual Memberships are $5.00. Any society contributing the sum of $10.00 will be entitled to three delegates to the Congress for every hundred members, with the privilege of casting their votes at all business sessions. Where there are those who cannot afford either of the above amounts, we shall gladly credit them with a smaller sum, but we want your names, let the amount of your contribution be large or small. We want all friends of progress in Religion, Education and Sociology, inside or outside of existing organizations, to stand up and be counted. Our aim is not uniformity of belief, but unity of effort.

The official organ of the Congress, UNITY, will explain the scope and details of our work, and if you are not already a reader of the paper, we sincerely hope you may become one.

If for any reason you are unable to use this letter, will you kindly hand it to some one who will be likely to be interested in this work? Extra copies will be mailed to all who desire them.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1899. NUMBER 23.

Responsible men are preparing to bid for the traction franchises of Chicago. The proposals will be backed by a large fund, to be forfeited in the event of their not carrying out their contracts if called upon to do so. We shall take these offers up in detail in our next issue. Suffice it to say that they are vastly more favorable to the public than the present owners of the franchises are willing to admit possible. In the interim that we must use to develop a decent civil service, to prepare for municipal operation, we should obtain terms vastly better than any talked of by the owners of the inflated securities of present companies.

As Lecky has shown in his "Rationalism," there have never been phenomena more fully proven, by evidence satisfactory to people of the seventeenth century, and by detailed confessions of the accused, than was the witchcraft, rooted out by torture, death and prayer, in various parts of the world. To us it is all superstition, and we smile in a superior way at the testimony and condemn the cruelty which people inflicted on others in combating their own ignorance. But it is all a part of the same misunderstanding, which now, as through all history, has debauched the mind. Mental phenomena were, and are, inadequately and unscientifically collated, and the little kernel of truth, the mind's influence over the body, heaped up and smothered in ignorant and false systems. We publish some extracts from testimony of New England witchcraft in another column.

The "initiative" and "referendum" are words that as yet have a cabalistic significance in many minds. They probably suggest some vague extremity of democracy, some cracked brain theory of the idealist, whereas, in fact, they represent but the plainest common sense of democracy. They mean the direct legislation on the part of the people, on all grave subjects related to their permanent rights, a function which belongs to them and, once entrusted to them, would put an end to hasty legislation, to class enactments, and, to a large degree, legislative corruption, for while it is possible to buy up a few representatives of the people, it is impossible to buy up all the people, or even a majority of them. Under this rule of the referendum, even though the Legislature be corrupted, the people themselves will have the veto power. It matters not much what the existing legislatures may do with the pending questions of franchise and monopolies concerning street or other railways and natural monoply provokers, in the different states if the referendum clause is attached to the legislation, if the people are given a chance to vote upon the merits of the enactmnt as offered to any particular franchise.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton and other "leaders of Washington society" are establishing a new fad, that of encouraging wheel-restaurants to move among the cabbies and those who are waiting outside while the ball progresses within. Sandwiches and hot coffee are sold to the coachman if they buy it themselves. The temperance societies are said to be back of these providental wagons. The Christian quality of this movement is further established by the fact that it arose from a suggestion of Bishop Potter of New York, who himself, it is said, discovered the Christian opportunity after a coachman who had kept himself too warm by the whisky flask in his pocket was the cause of a serious accident to one of the revelers. This is better than something worse, but does it not start questions that are not answered by the W. C. T. U. Sandwich wagons?

Inventor Keeley was a remarkable and a rare man. It is seldom that the world sees a consistent fraud, and a consistent hypocrite is also rare. The strange duality or plurality of man's life seems to point to self-deception as being usually mixed with the baser element of fraud. But here was a man who for twenty-five years talked his jargon and did his miracles and never relaxed his grip on himself. Patiently, ably, laboriously he did his work. There was probably no human being with whom he could laugh at the success of his confidence game. Lacking such sympathy, his life was a joke without an audience. He withstood more internal pressure than his great Resonator shell. He was a busy, diligent hermit, cut off from humanity by the magnitude of his fraud. If the poles of his magnet had been reversed he had in him the self-reliance and laborious painstaking to make him one of the great men of the world. As the record stands, he goes down in history as a lonely instance of an unswerving intellectual scoundrel.

Lord Roberts of England has put himself on record against the Czar's proposition, because it is possible only "when all the nations of the civilized world agree to rest content with what they have got," and because the civilized nations must defend themselves against the barbarians. He asks, "What would unarmed civilization do against armed barbarism?" A pity about "unarmed civilization," is it not? It has always been at such a disadvantage. The Czar of Russia does not propose to devitalize humanity. If barbarism assumes the aggressive, is not civilization equal to the emergency with a citizen soldiery? And what right has the civilized world not to be content with "what they have got," unless by consent of the governed and under the advice and consent of that higher congress of nations, boundary lines be changed? Lord Roberts himself speaks with the simplicity of a barbarian and leaves us still at sea as to who the barbarians are.

Professor C. R. Henderson of the University of Chicago, in a recent address on the ministry of to-day, discovers in the best life of the present "the prophetic indications of what ought to be." He has little sympathy with the brethren who tremble for the ark of Jehovah, because of the restless inquiry on the part of university scholars. He discovers that "radicals are often the true conservatives and that obstruction is destruction." The good professor is himself perhaps a little more concerned over the "doubts" of the day than we are, but we agree heartily with him that the true answer to "this agony of doubt" is "the creation of new works of philanthropy, a readiness to help all men, not merely degenerate paupers, but even the highest and noblest spirits of their way to yet loftier gains." He says:

"It is something other than true Christian 'spirituality' to look down with haughty contempt on the common aims and strivings of our fellow men. The purely individualistic theory of society is dead in ethics, dead in political economy, dead in the theory of the state, and it is time for it to disappear from our definitions of salvation. He who lives to himself is not in sight of Christ's meaning of salvation."

"It is a good thing, but the time has not yet come!" This phrase and its many equivalents is the most persistent and insurmountable enemy of progress. Under the shelter of this prudential maxim, people vote for what they do not indorse, subscribe to what they do not believe in, pay for what they do not want, stand where they ought to walk and sleep where they ought to wake. Municipal ownership of city railways is the right thing, but not yet; government telegraphy, but not yet; postal savings bank, but not yet; independent churches, but not yet; inter-denominational comity, but not yet; open churches, seven-day activities in the churches, but not yet; heroic abandonment of the narrow life in the interests of the broader, but not yet; closing three half-utilized churches in order to open one vital center, but not yet; plain dress for women, simple habits for men, but not yet; the co-education of men and women at the polls, in the club, as in the schools and in the homes, but not yet. If "not yet," then, in heaven's name, when? If it is not yet time to live up to our maximum, to do the thing we profess, to begin the life we believe in, then why not cease living and die? If it is not yet time to live, is it not time to get out of the way to make room for those who will predicate their lives in the active voice and the present tense?

And now Chicago is agitated over a fifty-year telephone franchise to a rival company that promises to reduce the exorbitant prices of the existing monopoly. Is not this also a private deal in public property? For surely telephones are becoming a public necessity and they are an element in the possible commonwealth of all the people. If the government can carry the message when written, sealed and stamped, might it not also provide for the transmission of the spoken message or the electric dispatch? There is no reason why the government postal service should be limited to written and printed matter, except that governments have not kept up with invention and civilization. The logic of the situation demands that ultimately all transmission of messages, whether by letter, by telegram or by telephone, should be managed for the people and by the people, under one system, using largely one plant and one force. When this synthesis comes there will be an immense economy in the material plant involved, an immense reduction in the cost to the individual, and a commensurate increase in the wealth of the whole people. Why not government telephone? Let the new government building that is now being erected in Chicago be given another story, from which the telephone exchange system of the city will radiate and where it will be directed. Pending the assumption of its normal function by the general government, let the new city hall have its telephone floor and let Chicago show how it can manage the municipal telephone system to the immense advantage of its citizens. We do not want two rival telephone systems and the endless complications that will arise therefrom. There can be but one telephone system that will render effective service. Let that be our own, a telephone system for the people, by the people and of the people.

In the World's Almanac for 1899, on page 318, we find a list of the religious denominations in the United States, based on the compilation of Dr. Henry K. Carroll, who directed the census for 1890. One hundred and forty-seven religious denominations are named, among which are seven kinds of Adventists, thirteen kinds of Baptists, including the "Original Free Will" and "Old Two Seed in the Spirit Predestinarians," of which there are 473 societies. There are three kinds of (River) Brethren, and the Plymouth Brethren are numbered up to IV. There are seven kinds of Catholics, four kinds of Dunkards, four kinds of Friends; and, although there are seventeen different kinds of Lutherans, there are one hundred and twelve congregations who cannot feel at home in any of them and are marked "Independent." There are twelve Mennonites and seventeen kinds of Methodists and eleven kinds of Presbyterians; 177,481 churches or organizations in all. They hold a church property valued at $698,971,372, and a membership of 23,467,728, a little over one-third of the total population of the United States, which, in 1890, was put at 62,622,250. Notwithstanding the awful dissensions and material waste involved in the above figures, intelligent and religious people still regard any call for union, any movement toward unity, that will imply the dismantling of any of the existing sectarian fortresses or the amelioration of any of the existing denominational enthusiasm, as unwise or ill timed. The bulk of the devotees inside of each one of these one hundred and forty-seven inclosures secretly cherish the conviction that the synthesis for which they pray and pretend to work for is possible only when all the other denominations will see the error of their ways and will rally round their own standard. We need a reconsideration of the religious situation, a new rendering of the word "liberal," a great rising of the intelligent against not only the foolishness, but the wickedness of sectarianism in the interest of religion. Religion must be increasingly inclusive in its message, coöperative in its methods, universal in its sympathies.

The Last Word Concerning Christian Science.

Rev. R. Heber Newton of New York has anticipated the publication of a work based upon a series of discourses given in his pulpit last year on "The Contributions of Modern Heterodoxy to the Growth of Orthodoxy," by publishing in pamphlet form, with preface and notes, the section of the forthcoming book, entitled "Christian Science; The Truths of Spiritual Healing and Their Contribution to the Growth of Orthodoxy." Mr. Newton has undertaken the difficult and thankless rôle of the truly liberal man; that is, he approaches his subject in the open spirit of science, prepared to recognize truth when found, to fearlessly acknowledge the same; prepared, also, to recognize the limitations and errors when found and modestly state the same. In too many minds the rôle of the liberal includes the former, but not the latter function. To give due appreciation of the truth discovered in a remote or different system of thought or form of religion is promptly recognized as the sign of a liberal mind, but to speak as frankly of the limitations of such is to bring disapproval to those who the moment before received congratulations. The nearer the student approaches to those who represent his own thought and feeling, the more sharp is the resentment when the word of criticism is spoken. When in these columns we try to recognize the excellences and the mighty power for good in Buddhism, Roman Catholicism or the so-called Orthodox sects, we are permitted, without criticism, to call attention to their limitations, but in the exercise of the same frankness in regard to the Unitarian, Universalist, Spiritualist, Theosophical, Christian Science and other newer and more heretical movements, offense is taken and we are charged with failing in that spirit of liberality which we commend and profess. In no direction do we travel to-day over more delicate ground than in the direction of Christian Science. We gladly recognize the large truth embodied in this movement, concede a generous amount of reality in their work. We believe, with the followers of Mrs. Eddy, in the immense potency of mind over matter, and the metaphysical element which enters into the healing art, but we deplore the disposition to ignore coördinate truths and the failure to recognize the hurting power of dogma and the dogmatic spirit here as elsewhere.

Doctor Newton's pamphlet of seventy-eight pages is a model of fair dealing and open-mindedness in this direction. He recognizes the old truths in this alleged "new system of therapeutics." With learning he cites from Plato down to Phillips Brooks in justification of this claim. He concedes the large element of physical healing in the New Testament story of Jesus. He believes in the power of personality and the constructive power of a thought. He recognizes the truth in the Berkleian philosophy, that "matter is but the manifestation of mind" and finds this philosophy breathed in the Zend Avesta and embedded in the noblest of Hindu poems, the Bhagavad-Gita. He also recognizes in the doctrine of the divine mind, as present and potent everywhere, the truth that is reached after throughout the ages and expressed in high poetry all the way from John to Browning. His argument reaches this conclusion, which must be very acceptable to the Christian Scientist:

"I am sorry that Christian Science is still so much a method of healing, rather than that which it is to be, a life. To live in conscious communion with The Infinite and Eternal Being, the ground and substance of our being, the life in whom is our existence, the intelligence through whom we think, the will from whom we are energized, the One who is perfect wisdom, goodness, love—this is religion. Thus to live is to find, in Browning's word, 'how power comes full in play.'"

Having thus argued nobly and generously, Mr. Newton has won the right to speak frankly of the dangers and limitations which appear to him lying in this movement, and in speaking for himself he speaks for thousands upon thousands of others, who are not only open-minded, but fain would be spiritually minded. He says:

"Whatever the claims of a system of healing, if its practitioners dispense with the homely grace of common sense, they may well be shown the door."

Hhe further says, "The way to suppress quackery is not by punishing the quacks, but by doing in a scientific method what they essay to do after the fashion of the charletan." He quotes from "Science and Health" itself, which says, that "If Christian healing be abused by a mere smattering of science it becomes a shocking bore." He further says:

"This new orthodoxy is showing all the ear-marks of the older and well recognized orthodoxies. It is becoming narrow, intolerant and dogmatic. It is developing a new bibliolatry—a blind worship of the letter of its new Bible, 'Science and Health.' For, as though the old bibliolatry were not bad enough, it is foisting upon our nineteenth century Christianity a new Sacred Book, clothed with all the airs of infallibility which have so long surrounded the old Bible. It has commanded its disciples to confine their reading and study to these two books, the Bible and 'Science and Health'; thus narrowing the intellectual horizon and dwarfing the mental stature of its followers. It is developing a new ecclesiasticism—a modern counterpart of the venerable Roman Catholicism of the Middle Ages. At the summit of this new ecclesiasticism is a Pope in petticoats. Leo XIII. is not more infallible to his Church than is Mrs. Eddy to her Church. The Italian Papacy does not direct the faithful more imperiously than does our Yankee Papacy."

In his appendix he hints at the failure of this philosophy to recognize "the providential purpose of pain," and adds:

"Such a view of life tends to drop out of recognition the value of those heroic qualities which suffering, borne bravely, has always developed, and which man has always accounted his noblest crown of honor."

He reminds us that

"The worst form of conceit is the conceit of the spiritual. This has taken no more unlovely form in our day than in the sense of superiority which young converts to this ism show in their homes and among their friends. But this is incidental to all new illuminations of soul. It has accompanied every form of spiritual religion, from the days of Phariseeism down to the Evangelical Movement. Christian Science often begets in its disciples a sad suppression of sympathy."

And further:

"It is not a superior state of soul which blinds the

young Christian Scientist to this fact, but distinctly an inferior lack of imagination. * * * Christian Science is too often made the excuse for the selfishness which is natural to us all. None do more to bring this new thought into disrepute than the shallow, selfish souls who shut up their scanty stock of sympathy and go out of the business of homely helpfulness, because of the great truths into which they have been initiated."

Space forbids further quotation. Enough has been said to indicate the attitude of Doctor Newton, which is largely the attitude of the present writer. Spirituality and health beckon to each other in these days. Matter bends more and more to dominant will, but spirituality cannot thrive in the long run by holding itself aloof from the suffering and sorrow of life, of any life. Spirituality quickly falls into imbecility or something worse when it becomes self-conscious, self-congratulatory, self-assertive. That Christian Scientists will promptly disclaim this tendency we remember; that it is unjust to a vast number of its devotees, we know; that it is no essential part of their system, we hope. All we would say is that it has a danger that lies in the way of the enthusiast, that appeals to the intangible forces to correct the ills and evils, the existence of which it denies at the outset. A book-based religion and a human revelator soon lead to formalism, stagnation and tyranny, even though the book be a later day "Science and Health" and the revelator be a woman, Mrs. Eddy.

A Voice from Glasgow.

Robert Crawford of the corporation of the city of Glasgow opposes municipal operation of quasi-public franchises in Chicago and other American cities. Neither he nor anyone else can oppose municipal ownership, for that is but an assertion that the public streets are the public's streets, and that the best possible bargain or arrangement should be made for the use of them. It is a pity that Chicago journals cannot, or will not, make the distinction.

He opposes municipal operation because he understands the folly of the "Spoils System." Extracts from an interview in the *Chicago Tribune* tell his own story better than another may paraphrase it:

"I do not wish to convey the impression that I think the people of Glasgow are superior in point of intelligence or business capacity to those of your American cities, but I do believe we have a superior system of municipal government. With us no politics enters into our municipal government, and no member of the corporation can even subject himself to the suspicion that he is actuated by motives of personal profit or gain without coming to grief. Our public utilities are managed with an eye single to the greatest possible business efficiency, and on these lines we have scored a great success. Employes of all grades secure and retain their positions through merit alone, and are advanced in position for this sole reason.

"Now, under your system of municipal government the management of the public utilities is in the hands of the dominant political party and positions of varying importance are given as the reward of party service. It may be urged that men of acknowledged business capacity can be found to assume the management of these properties, and I presume this is frequently the case, but in party politics the man with influence is bound to be taken care of, and he has got to take care of a host of his followers, and it is idle to deny that many of these are neither by natural intelligence or training fitted for the positions given them. It is simply impossible that the affairs of a great utility can be conducted on business principles under such conditions, and for this reason I should say there must be a revolution in the methods of American municipal government before the municipal ownership of public utilities can be conducted successfully.

"In connection with the management of our street car systems we have cut the former rate of fare in two; we have increased the seating capacity of the service twofold, and have materially shortened the hours of labor. Moreover, the system now yields the corporation a net income of between 30,000 and 40,000 pounds sterling, which amount, I believe, will be increased to £100,000 pounds within a year or two."

How long will it take those now shouting for municipal operation to realize that the only possible hope for enlarged public functions lies in the enforcement of the civil service law? Our mayor will find recorded in the verdict of the future that with all his good work in blocking the theft of public property he and his corporation counsel have set back for years the one reform more needful than all others.

Extremists.

The discussion of expansion has bred a pestilent volume of extreme argument, which seems to run easily into *reductio ad absurdum*.

The few tons of steel handily poked through the Spanish stewpans in Manila harbor neither presage a world-empire for America nor an obliteration of so-called popular government. The thunder storm produced by the diligent and effective Mr. Dewey neither proclaimed us the special policeman of the Deity nor announced that we had taken to the street and the sandbag as a means of livelihood. No stretch of the imagination can put Aguinaldo, the bribe-taker, in the rôle of patriot; no action or word of Agoncillo can make him anything but an extremely shrewd Oriental, a being incomprehensible, if judged by our ideals. We have relieved those islanders from intolerable cruelty as an incident of war. We have done more for them than was asked of us, and we can leave them to their own devices with a clear conscience. They will respect the commercial rights of other nations or be taught to respect them at short notice. We are not a prize-fighting nation that has to meet all comers with mouth or fist. The more army we have the weaker we are in terms of economic strength, and it is the weak or cowardly man that carries the most weapons.

Our worthy president is neither a Napoleon nor a coward, but a plain, honorable, patriotic citizen, with a large assortment of meaningless phrases about "pulling down flags" and lacking an introduction to his own mind on the question of expansion. The people look to him for leading and he looks back at the people. His ear is very, very near the ground, but the rumbling is confused and unintelligible. All parties have profited by the war except the United States. We can never profit by the Oriental end of it. As brokers would advise, let us put in a "stop order" and limit our losses. Whatever happens, we will neither make a fortune nor "go broke." A nation upon which the sun never sets cannot know what rest is. We do not crave insomnia, and do not believe that empty phrases justify that nerve-wrecking disorder.

The Bridewell and Criminal Making.

Five years ago I made a somewhat careful investigation of the conditions surrounding juvenile offenders at the Bridewell, the county jail and the police stations. The defects of the existing system were so appalling, the results so persistent, inevitable, that I then said: "Our Chicago penal system, so far as it relates to juvenile delinquents, is a disgrace, a crime." "If there is a hell I should think that system in league with it." "If Chicago had a contract with his satanic majesty to furnish him souls, it need never default on the contract." If these were strong words, let it be remembered that some things demand the brutalities of the English language to do them justice. The Bridewell was one of those things. Taking boys from our Chicago streets, running them through our penal machinery and turning them out confirmed criminals had become an exact science in its methods, an art in its execution.

Two years later I again investigated the conditions at the Bridewell and the police stations. It need scarcely be said that the penal mill was still grinding. A thousand boys per year or more were being turned into the police station hopper and turned out criminals at the Bridewell spout. Something over a week ago I again visited the Bridewell. The brutalities of the English language are quite as appropriate as they were five years ago. There is only one improvement to be noted.

The boys are now taken daily from the Bridewell cells to spend as much time as the teaching force will allow in the shop and school rooms of the John Worthy School, which was completed, in part, some two years ago. This building, so far as it is utilized, is admirable for the purpose. Its rooms are large, airy and comfortable. Its school rooms are as good as any in the public schools. Under the efficient management of the principal, Mr. Smith, the boys are doing some good work, certainly as good as can be expected under the circumstances. This is an improvement over the former condition, when boys were kept in almost perpetual idleness or subjected to the hit or miss methods of the old chapel school.

Unfortunately, this seeming improvement is practically vitiated by its relation to the Bridewell and to the whole penal process. It is not enough to reform such a system at a single point. A new plank laid on a rotten substructure does not make a new or safe walk.

First, the boys are taken back each day to the old cells in the Bridewell and herded in the same cell-house with the most hardened type of adult criminals. The day's influence for good is practically destroyed by the night's confinement.

Second, the Board of Education has as yet furnished such a small teaching force that but a part of the boys can be in the school at the same time. One squad comes, while another squad is kept in the Bridewell cells. So that each boy is in the school but a small portion of the day, and spends the greater part shut up in the cells of the Bridewell. The school is therefore doing much less because of these circumstances than it really seems to be doing.

Back of all this is the penal system itself, making reformation an impossibility, while as a criminal-maker it has no equal. The boys, and I now mean boys under sixteen, are arrested like any hardened criminal and thrust into a police station cell over night or until trial. The boy who has committed his first offense and the third or fourth "timer," the boy of ten and the boy of sixteen, the boy who has merely run away from home it may be, and the boy steeped in vice, are herded indiscriminately together. They stand trial in the same courtroom, the novice and the adult graduate in crime, before the same judge and before the same gaping crowd of police court hangers-on. They are bundled into the same police van with adult criminals and brazen women, from whom all sense of shame has long since departed. I saw descend from the same police van at the Bridewell two women, four boys, one under thirteen, and a half dozen Chicago adult toughs. Frequently the boys are put in the same cell at the police station with adult criminals when the place is crowded, as it very often is. One night of companionship with toughs, of stories of house-breaking and thieving, vile stories and profanity, the open trial, the herding with criminals on the ride to the Bridewell, make an indelible impression upon the mind of a boy of twelve or thirteen, and stamps him with the criminal brand forever.

To complete the process and to make sure that the poison works, the boys at the Bridewell don the same prison garb, the boy of eight and the criminal of forty, and all are herded in the same cell-rooms. What could be more complete? Is it any wonder that boys return again and again, more hardened and defiant with each return? I have seen a boy of thirteen descend from the police van who was in for the fourth time. He fell into line for his bath, haircut and prison garb with the bravado of an old criminal. The poor little first-offender, half crying, quite envied this senior member of his company his sang-froid and superior knowledge. Still this boy had been a first offender. Repetition had hardened him and his way to the penitentiary or the gallows was fairly assured.

Five years ago a Bridewell officer said to me, as a squad of older criminals passed on their way to their cells: "Thirty-three per cent. of those men began here many years ago as first offenders. As their ranks are depleted by death, the penitentiary or the gallows, their places will be taken by the mere children now coming into the Bridewell for the first time." The nine and ten year old boys whom I saw last week in the Bridewell, boys not old enough to know the real meaning of crime, will, thanks to our scientific methods of criminal-making, be "doing time" ten years from now for real crimes, if they do not get themselves properly hung before that time. I talked with one bright-faced lad who was in for the eighth time in twenty-two months. His first offense had been no greater than making a noise on the street or snatching a watermelon from a fruit stall. He had already reached the stage of entire indifference as to his situation.

One sunny-faced lad of nine was doing time for "house-breaking," which meant that he had been the decoy of an older boy, but both were being ground through the same penal mill in precisely the same way. As he marched out, knowing that I was interested in him, he turned his head and gave me a most sunny child smile. There was no more sense of crime in that boy than in your children or mine. But the system will do its work. He is herded with hardened criminals, just as are several boys who were committed by their parents for playing truant. Society will hang him in due time, and according to strict course of law. It will then congratulate itself upon its magnificent system, which "gives crime its due deserts." Having made a criminal out of the nine-year-old, society will expiate its own short-sightedness and short-comings upon the life of its victim. The Bridewell is the Fagin of Chicago institutions.

If asked for remedies I should answer: First, the absolute separation of the John Worthy School from all contact with the Bridewell. It should be separate in management, and should be divided from the Bridewell grounds by a high stone wall, reaching to California avenue. The Board of Education, or a special commission preferably, should have charge of the school and make it a reformatory instead of a penal institution. These boys are not criminal in fact, even if so considered in law, until the Bridewell has made

them criminals. They ought not to be treated as criminals.

Second, the "cells house" connected with the John Worthy School, and which has been standing unused for two years for lack of a trivial appropriation by the city council for furnishings, should be completed. I am glad to say that last week the council passed an appropriation for that purpose. When the cells are furnished the boys will no longer go back to the Bridewell cell-house each day, but will be quite separated from the older criminals of the other institution.

Third, the cell system should go altogether and the dormitory system substituted. The cells should never have been put in to start with. Instead of an appropriation to finish the cells there ought to be an appropriation to tear them out. To keep the boys in the "cell-house" of the school is better than sending them back to the Bridewell cells each day, but it does not go far enough. The cell is the abiding sign of criminality. It stamps the boy as a criminal in his own and in the estimation of others. These boys are not criminals, I again insist, and ought not to be treated as such. The possible and prevalent evils of the cell system for boys are well known to every penologist. If the dark room is necessary for incorrigibles let it be a room, and not a cell. The dormitory system is humane, reformatory, safe. The John Worthy school ought to be turned into a reformatory, with all signs of a criminal prison eliminated. Even the bars from the windows ought to go and be replaced by strong oak shutters. The prison garb should be discarded. Residents should occupy some part of the building, with a motherly matron having a partial supervision of the boys. Put these youngsters under the mothering care of Love, instead of the iron regulations of Law. Hundreds of them only need some good woman to mother them to save them to a permanent manhood.

Fourth, juvenile courts presided over by special judges, with plenty of time to decide each case on its merits.

Fifth, a place of detention prior to trial. No first offender under sixteen should ever go to a police station cell. They are the devil's branding rooms. A night in one of them leaves the brand "criminal" on the face of a child forever.

Sixth, the substitution of an indeterminate sentence for the present definite time sentence. Boys should be kept long enough to really work some reformation in them. This, with the parole system, would remedy the present crying evil of sentencing young boys for a certain number of days, the number being determined by the amount of fine imposed.

Seventh, some sort of a bureau or system for looking after the boys when finally discharged. Unwatched or undirected, the boy goes back to his old haunts and companions, and hence to his old ways.

There are, of course, many other phases of the problem which cannot be discussed here. But the great city of Chicago, proud of its wealth, its education and growing culture, cannot, without shame to itself, longer tolerate the present disgraceful methods of dealing with the delinquent children of its streets. Jury bribing and tax dodging are bad, but permitting a systematic making of criminals out of Chicago children is worse.

Five years ago I advocated in public and in print the above provisions. Practically the same provisions with others are embodied in the bill about to be presented to the state Legislature by the Chicago Bar Association. Coming from such a source and elaborated with legal care, as well as humanitarian considerations, there is great hope that at last Chicago may have a penal system for boys which is consonant with her high pretensions to culture and philanthrophy. Certain forces are at work to defeat the bill for purely selfish reasons. Every man and woman, therefore, who believes in saving disadvantaged childhood, and not in cursing it, ought to do what they can to create public sentiment in this measure. R. A. WHITE.

On a Certain Kind of Courage Sometimes Displayed by Men.

The praise of courage is the commonplace of literature. From the days of Homer down to the day of Edmond Rostand, the tremendous feats of some blood-thirsty hero are recorded, and their many and various murders hideously described. Imagination has exhausted itself in relating in detail how they hacked and hewed and thrust and rended in twain some other hero who was trying to do the same thing unto them. Have we not all read it to the point of sickening disgust, and also of infinite weariness? For a few years there was a little lull in the blood letting and we dreamed we had outgrown the cut and thrust novel. But, alas! the romancers were only getting their breath for a new dash at us. Of late all the popular tales are reeking again, and blood flows from ever pore. The very covers are stained with it. But do not fear, dear reader, that I, too, am come to tell you of courage of the sort you are so familiar with.

There is a kind of courage which excites far greater wonder in my mind, and of this I will speak if you will listen. To illustrate, I will tell a story or two. Some years ago, in one of our western states, a young boy was walking on a country road. He became thirsty and went into a farm house and asked for a drink of water. The farmer, in ignorant kindness, gave him instead a tumbler full of home-made wine. The boy drank it and went his way. The wine got into his brain and in the course of an hour he entered a house by the wayside and stole a revolver. With this in his hand he trudged on. He had not gone far when he met his schoolmaster, of whom he was very fond. The teacher accosted him, when he drew the revolver and shot him dead. Of course the whole country was horrified, the families of murderer and murdered equally inconsolable, and the poor boy himself crazed with grief. I will leave the harrowing details to your imagination. The point I wish to make is this: the splendid courage of the men who knew just what that single glass of fiery wine had done for that boy, who went directly from the sad scenes connected with the tragedy and poured down their throats even more fiery liquors and in far greater quantities. I am told that even boys of the youth's own age did not hesitate to follow the lead of their fathers and brothers in this matter. Now it seems to a woman that here was a display of courage of an entirely different kind from that required to wage battle with a foe, and yet this latter kind is more common than the former. Does it not take courage to deliberately surrender your reason, to leave yourself subject to any vagrant impulse which may assail you, to abdicate that power of self-restraint which is your only safeguard against all high crimes and misdemeanors? Yet this courage is as common as lying. Every ill-born and badly nurtured hoodlum has it in a high degree and exercises it without a thought of its sublimity. Most ordinary men have it also, and even men of genius. Yet the consequences arising from an exercise of such bravery as this are often more deplorable than that of facing a battery. Take the case of a man who thus dared to dethrone his reason a few years ago. He went home to his family in a drunken rage, and his little three-year-old son, running up to him in frolicsome mood, was struck a blow that broke one of his bones. The shrieks of the child revealed to him partially what he had done, and he set about trying to set the broken bone. In vain his wife implored him to desist. He

attacked her so murderously that she fled, running to a distant neighbor's for help. The cries of the child rang in her ears as she went, almost maddening her. People who have not the courage of which I write hesitate to meddle with a man in a drunken fury, and it was some time before she could get the neighbors to the spot. When they did come the child was dead, but the father was still trying to set the broken bone. Did that heart-breaking case deter a single man from partaking of the poison which might thus inflame his own blood and render him also liable to do such devilish deeds as this? No. Men are so brave they dare take even such risks as this. I am myself awed by such reckless daring. My poor, cowardly woman's heart shrinks from such tests. Here is what another neighborhood faced and did not flinch. A man living some distance from neighbors came home roaring drunk late in the evening, and, finding his wife and little girl in bed, dragged them out and began to beat them with a horsewhip. He found this so highly amusing that he continued it throughout the night. First he would drive them out of the house and chase them over the country in their efforts to escape, and then he would drive them into the house again. After a shirt interval he would drive them out once more, and then in, and he kept this up till near morning, when, himself exhausted, he fell down and they escaped. It was considered rather a good joke in that neighborhood, and not a voice or hand was raised to protect the woman from future experiences of that kind. Fathers and sons the very next night went to their accustomed resorts and partook of the poison which had crazed this man, without a shudder of apprehension, without a single fear of consequences. Did they not have nerve? Can you match such courage in a battlefield? I need not further illustrate. You can read in every morning paper of husbands who have murdered their wives, and often their children also, in all manner of ways, worthy of the fiends themselves, and you feel in your heart that death was the greatest mercy that could befall them. Then you can look around you and see if any man is deterred from destruction by the fearful events. You will not find one who even pauses in his downward way. Valiant as Falstaff in his cups, they go to meet the men in buckrum. A murder or two; what is that to a brave man? This lofty courage can even lull to sleep the instinct of self-preservation. We all love life and fear disease. Yet these men see the wrecks of manhood around them and know that they can keep up their terrible pace but a short time, but they do not blanch. Most of us hate leprosy and would fear to enter its haunts. Yet this army, with invincible courage, march nightly to the alluring haunts of vice, where worse than leprosy is dispensed to all comers, and they bear away in their bodies that which is hell, not only to them, but to their children and their children's children. And they go gaily in their besotted valor. Said I not truly that it takes courage to face the fate of a drunkard and a debauchee for oneself? And does it not take more to face it for one's family and friends? Do these men who deliberately enter upon this course of life have no thought for those they love, and who, alas! love them, spite of their hideous vices? It would seem not. But we must admit that it requires courage of a kind to face such a fate.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

A holy life has a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof.—*Hinton.*

"The hope of the world lies in the children. The hope of this nation lies in the little children that throng the streets to-day."

Good Poetry.

How Sleep the Brave.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

—*William Collins*

True Love.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.

O, no! it is an ever fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out, ev'n to the edge of doom:—

If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

—*William Shakespeare*

The War-Song of Dinas Vawr.

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deem'd it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met an host and quell'd it;
We forced a strong position
And kill'd the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rush'd to meet us;
We met them, and o'erthrew them;
They struggled hard to beat us,
But we conquer'd them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king march'd forth to catch us;
His rage surpass'd all measure,
But his people could not match us;
He fled to his hall-pillars;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sack'd his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in;
We orphan'd many children
And widow'd many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoan'd them,
Two thousand head of cattle
And the head of him who own'd them;
Fdnyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow our chorus.

—*Thomas Love Peacock.*

Curiosities of Literature.

Cotton Mather, a sapient and an honorable purveyor of salvation and its opposite in New England in the seventeenth century, says that he saw witches and demons; that he saw their operations and accomplished their discomfiture. He goes to court records to show confessions of those charged with witchcraft. Let the good divine tell us something about these unnecessary parasites:

The Trial of George Burroughs.

Glad should I have been if I had never known the name of this man; or never had this occasion to mention so much as the first letters of his name. But the government requiring some account of his trial to be inserted in this book, it becomes me with all obedience to submit unto the order.

* * *

It cost the court a wonderful deal of trouble, to hear the testimonies of the sufferers; for when they were going to give in their depositions, they would for long time be taken with fits that made them uncapable of saying anything. The chief judge asked the prisoner, who he thought hindered these witnesses from giving their testimonies? And he answered, "He supposed it was the devil." That honorable person replied, "How comes the devil then to be so loath to have any testimony borne against you?" Which cast him into very great confusion.

Now, God had been pleased so to leave this G. B. that he had ensnared himself by several instances which were now produced against him. He was a very puny man, yet he had often done things beyond the strength of a giant. A gun of about seven foot barrel, and so heavy that strong men could not steadily hold it out with both hands there were several testimonies, given in by persons of credit and honor, that he made nothing of taking up such a gun behind the lock with but one hand, and holding it out like a pistol at arms-end. G. B., in his vindication, was so foolish as to say, "That an Indian was there, and held it out at the same time." Whereas none of the spectators ever saw any such Indian; but they supposed, the "Black Man" (as the witches call the devil, and they generally say he resembles an Indian) might give him that assistance.

Only he gave in a paper to the jury; wherein, although he had many times before granted, not only that there are witches, but also that the present sufferings of the country are the effects of horrible witchcrafts; yet he now goes to evince, "That there neither are, nor ever were witches, neither that any man having made a compact with the devil can send a devil to torment people at a distance."

The jury brought him in guilty. But when he came to die, he utterly denied the fact whereof he had been thus convicted.

* * * *

How Martha Carrier Was Tried.

Martha Carrier was indicted for bewitching certain persons, according to the form usual in such cases pleading not guilty to her indictment; there was first brought in a considerable number of the bewitched persons.

One Foster, who confessed her own share in the witchcraft for which the prisoner stood indicted, affirmed that she had seen the prisoner at some of their witch meetings, and that it was this Carrier who persuaded her to be a witch. She confessed, that the devil carry'd them on a pole to a witch meeting; but the pole broke, and she then received an hurt by the fall whereof she was not at this very time recovered.

One Lacy, who likewise confessed her share in this witchcraft, now testify'd that she and the prisoner were once bodily present at a witch meeting in Salem Village; and that she knew the prisoner to be a witch, and to have been at a diabolical sacrament, and that the prisoner was the undoing of her and her children, by enticing them into the snare of the devil.

Memorandum. This rampant hag, Martha Carrier, was the person, of whom the confessions of the witches, and of her own children among the rest, agreed, that the devil had promised her she should be Queen of Hell.

* * *

From the Story of Margaret Rule.

This young woman was assaulted by eight cruel spectres, whereof she imagined that she knew three or four; but the rest came still with their faces covered, so that she could never have distinguished view of the countenance of those whom she thought she knew: she was very careful of my reiterated charges, to forbear blazing the names, lest any good person should come to suffer any blast of reputation, through the cunning malice of the great accuser; nevertheless, having since privately named them to myself I will venture to say this of them that are a sort of wretches, who for these many years have gone under as violent presumptions of witchcraft, as perhaps any creatures yet living upon earth: although I am far from thinking that the visions of this young woman were evidence enough to prove them so. These cursed spectres now brought unto her a book about a cubit long, a book red and thick, but not very broad and they demanded of her that she would set her hand to that book or at least touch it, as a sign of her becoming a servant of the devil. Upon her peremptory refusal to do what they asked they did not after renew the proffers of the book unto her, but instead thereof they fell to tormenting her in a manner too hellish to be sufficiently described—in those torments confining her to her bed for just six weeks together.

It were a most unchristian and uncivil, yea, a most unreasonable thing, to imagine, that the fits of the young woman were but mere impostures.

Moreover there was a whitish powder, to us invisible, sometimes cast upon the eyes of this young woman, whereby her eyes would be extremely incommoded; but one time some of this powder was fallen actually visible upon her cheek, from whence the people in the room wiped it with their handkerchiefs.

I think I may without vanity pretend to have read not a few of the best systems of physick that have been yet seen in these American regions, but must confess that I have never yet learned the name of the natural distemper whereto these odd symptoms do belong: however, I might suggest perhaps many a natural medicine which would be of singular use against many of them.

* * *

On the day of the week her tormenters (as she thought and said) approaching towards her, would be forced still to recoil and retire, as unaccountably unable to meddle with her; and they would retire to the fireside with their poppets; but going to stick pins into those poppets, they could not (according to their visions) make the pins enter. She insulted over them with a very proper derision, daring them now to do their worst, while she had the satisfaction to see their black master strike them and kick them, like an overseer of so many negroes, to make them do their work, and renew the marks of his vengeance on them when they failed of doing it. At last, being as it were tired with their ineffectual attempts to mortify her, they furiously said, "Well, you shan't be the last." And after a pause they added, "go and the devil go with you, we can do no more:" whereupon they flew out of the room, and she returning perfectly to herself, most affectionately gave thanks to God for her deliverance.

The world would indeed be undone, and horribly undone, if these devils, who now and then get liberty to play some very mischievous pranks were not under a daily restraint of some Almighty Superior from doing more of such mischiefs. Wherefore, instead of all apish shouts and jeer at histories which have such undoubted confirmation, as that no man that has breeding enough to regard the common laws of human society, will offer to doubt of them, it becomes us rather to adore the goodness of God who does not permit such things every day to befall us all, as he sometimes did permit to befall some few of our miserable neighbors.

* * *

I do humbly but freely affirm it, there is not that man living in this world who has been more desirous than the poor man I, to shelter my neighbours from the inconveniences of spectral outcries: yea, I am very jealous I have done so much that way as to sin in what I have done, such have been the cowardice and fearfulness whereunto my regard unto the dissatisfaction of other people has precipitated me. I know a man in the world, who has thought he has been able to convict some such witches as ought to die: but his respect unto the publick peace has caused him rather to try whether he could not renew them by repentance; and as I have been studious to defeat the devils of their expectations to set people together by the ears, thus, I also have checked and quelled those forbidden curiosities which would have given the devil an invitation to have tarried among us, when I have seen wonderful snares laid for curious people by the secret and future things discovered from the mouths of damsels possest with a spirit of divination.

* * *

And some scores of other young people, who were strangers to real piety, were now struck with the lively demonstration of hell evidently set forth before their eyes, when they saw persons cruelly frighted, wounded and starved by devils, and scalded with burning brimestone: and yet so preserved in this torturned state, as that, at the end of one months wretchedness, they were as able still to undergo another; so that of these also it might now be said, "Behold they pray." * * * in the whole the devil got just nothing—but God got praises, Christ got subjects, the Holy Spirit got temples, the church got addition, and the souls of men got everlasting benefits. I am not so vain as to say that any wisdom or virtue of mine did contribute unto this good order of things; but I am so just as to say, I did not hinder this good.

Out Doors.

The predatory instinct of the hunter is as old as carnivorous man. It is not a trait of cruelty, but a racial impulse, and of all the forms of hunting that carry one back to the simple days of the spear and the stone axe, there is none that so directly appeals to nature as tracking in the snow.

It was in the bear country of Montana, in the high Rockies, that we were camped. We had been traveling along the great, sharp ridges where the game trails were at times flanked by cliffs on either side. We had followed the parks, those lovely meadows between the peaks. We had picked our pathless way through fallen timber, laid low by cyclone. Our horses had stumbled among the wreckage of mountain fires, that had ravaged the pitch pines, and finally, at an elevation of nearly 9,000 feet, we reached the highest headwaters of the Gallatin and settled down to "bait" bear. Old Ephraim, the grizzly, fled at our entry into his country. We saw his great tracks once and not again. We gathered in some black bears at an old elk carcass, but left them for bait, and found we were out of meat. The September weather turned cold and one night snow fell. In the morning I set out on horseback. Elk had been scarce and deer, the hunters' staple, were not in the country. Riding perhaps a mile, there in the new snow were tracks of a great bull elk, and made within an hour. I tied my horse and started on the track. The wind was at my back and the elk would soon know I was after him. There was hope that he could be headed off, but a stern chase is a long chase. Down the meadow went the trail and turned off through the willows of a swamp to the cliffy, pine-clad side of the great mountain. Up it turned with a supreme indifference to grade or roughness of ground, around washy cliffs of clay and down again into other parks, the length of which were eagerly but vainly scanned for the great bulk of the game.

All that was visible was the seam in the white snow mantle, where those tracks had marred the otherwise unbroken surface. "When I look over the next ridge I will surely see him;" but when, after repeated disappointments, the summit was reached, there were tracks going on and on till a slope hid them.

Four hours of steady travel without rest were hard in that snow, and up and down those slopes, but there were the tracks and they were fresh, and the instinct forced me on. At length, standing at the very summit of the great ridge, whence the trail turned sharply down, through a glass, were seen, not the elk I was trailing, but three others, feeding far below. The glass was strong and the distance seemed but a mile, so down and down and down I went into the forest, beyond which lay the open country and "meat."

It was nearly one o'clock. I was tired and hungry, having traveled five hours, and now being at least four hours from camp. But there were those elk beyond the wood, and I turned again toward them.

Finally judgment overcame ambition and I turned back up the mountain. Something was moving among the pole timber. It was a smaller bull elk. He was walking deliberately, and I fired; he kept on walking and finally started into a gentle trot, while the noise of the big rifle rolled through the forest. "He will cross that open glade and I will nail him there," but he staggered and rolled over dead, and there was "meat."

Putting a chunk of fat and a piece of liver in my pocket, I resolved not to starve if staying out were to be the night's program. Hungry and wet and tired; what an awful climb was that 2,000 feet before me. "I will walk 50 yards to that rock or tree before I rest," but it could not be done. At last the summit and the back trail, and on and on over the weary miles, cutting across by compass reckoning when possible, until with the joy of a rescued sailor I saw my poor horse tied to his pine sapling, and, worn out, mounted and reached the blaze of our campfire at dark. The hungry bear hunters came in and ate liver and bacon without noticing what they were eating, until one of them announced with a whoop, "Elk, by thunder!" My feet were ruined for a week or more, but I rode back next day and we packed in our meat, and, being thereafter snowed in, we had nothing to do but to eat it, and it was good. It is good to hunt and to kill and to eat thereof. If a man were a true sport he would add that it is good to be hunted and killed and eaten. But since the cave men our race has gone prejudiced and degenerate.

A Fable from the Aguinaldese.

A kind man found a bad boy torturing a yellow pup. He handed the boy a warm beating and 20 cents in currency. He then addressed the shivering victim. He said: "Now be my dog and I will be better to you than that boy was, and I will buy you a license which will cost more than you are worth, and I will see that the poundmaster doesn't put you where you belong."

But the ungrateful cur said: "I am a dog of my own. If I prefer browsing in alleys, that is my business. I don't like tin cans on my tail, and I don't like hot mince pie or muzzles. Go away, or I'll bite you."

Questions on the Above.

If the dog bit the man ought the man to kick the dog? Or ought the man to kick the dog first? Who does a dog that is "his own dog" belong to? Ought he to be taught to stand on his hindlegs and beg for canned roast beef? Does the fact that he is yellow have any bearing? Why should the man start a dog aviary? Why should not the man look after his own children rather than a yellow dog? Because another man has a large kennel is it required that every rich man should keep pups to fight all day and howl all night?

Is the man much greater because he handed the kick to the cruel boy? Will the possession of the pup greatly benefit the man's moral nature?

Auction 'em Off.

"The time is about ripe for the submission to the people of a constitutional amendment providing that United States senatorships shall be sold to the highest bidder. The same result is accomplished nowadays by indirection, but not always satisfactorily. Why not stop beating around the bush and auction off the senatorships—the proceeds to be turned into the state treasuries instead of being distributed among members of the Legislature? Let the taxpayers reap the benefit of Midas' ambition for a toga. The legislators can still levy tribute on the corporations."

* * *

The above, quoted from the esteemed *Chronicle*, shows that Brother Russell is hot on the trail of a great idea. If we cannot change our governmental system let us "regulate it." The Pullman Company has discovered that the public will pay the porter's wages, and have recognized that petty blackmail, to the benefit of their stockholders. Some Parisian restauranteurs charge waiters for the privilege of exposing the needy palm. If we must have officeholders, let them pay a large license fee and a percentage of their gross receipts into the public treasury.

WILLIAM KENT.

The Pulpit.

The Hopers and Workers.

A SERMON BY REV. MARION MURDOCH.

And I saw a new heavens and a new earth.—Rev. xxi-1.

The greatest and the most important of all questions which we ask ourselves at the beginning of a new year is this, Is the world improving? Are we gaining new light, new knowledge of ways of living? Is there a genuine effort to improve upon our past? Is there such an effort on our own part? Is there an effort among people in general to increase the good of the race and bring greater satisfaction in life? Jesus, who continually spoke to the coming of the kingdom of God, spent his life in the effort to make this kingdom possible on earth. This blessed state was to be reached, he taught, when each should make his own inner kingdom pure, bright and beautiful. But he desired, also, to change environments.

There are two methods of improvement or reformation. The advocate of one method insists that improvement to society can come only by individual spiritual growth, that if this is accomplished the environment will take care of itself. The advocate of the other method insists that material conditions must first be changed before the spiritual life can be attained; that cleanliness and sufficient food and clothing, pure air and water, and healthful hygienic conditions and the comforts of life must be secured before we can expect ethics or spiritual enlightenment. Both are undoubtedly right. The battle on one side alone is very difficult and often a failure.

But can those who are longing to see the kingdom of God feel that work is going on in these two directions? May we, like John of the Apocalypse, see a new heavens and a new earth in our vision?

Do you remember what history tells us of that period when John uttered this prophecy of hope? It was one of the darkest days of the Roman empire. We have only to speak the names Nero and Caligula in order to call up the crimes and suffering of that terrible period. Yet how clear was the vision of this prophet over a better day about to dawn. "I heard a voice out of heaven," he says, "saying the tabernacle of God is with men." This was source of his great hope in the midst of such evil days, his hope that a new heaven and a new earth were to dawn. With all his consciousness of the anarchy existing through the evil doers, he had that splendid confidence that the words of his master were true, and that there was comfort and joy yet in store for his afflicted people.

The man and the hour came and great changes for the better were ushered in with their new century. It was the century of Trojan, Antonius and Marcus Aurlius, a century which has furnished much to the ethical enthusiasm of modern life. There were no doubt many prophets of despair in the days of John and of Nero, prophets who, like the author of Ecclesiastes, saw nothing but doom and destruction for society.

But it was because of the courage and persistence of the true prophets, and the practical workers for truth, for goodness and for happiness; it was because of these hopers and workers, that a better order of things at last prevailed. Here in this first century was the work of reform slowly going on. Faithful leaders were speaking for the right and true, but quietly, steadily, persistently, individuals were working to push civilization a little farther forward. They were putting their shoulders to the wheel, not always seeing the outcome of their work, but thinking it worth their while to do something to make life brighter, better, broader.

The spread of the Stoic morality, changing the whole tendency of a century and making Christianity possible in Rome, the growth of Christianity itself in these early days, was due to these hopers and workers; to the followers of the Antonines with their splendid faith that moral ideals would yet prevail and conquer evil; to the valiant band of Christians led by Paul, whose hope in their master's kingdom was never for a moment dimmed by persecution and difficulty.

Which was the truer attitude, hope or despair, for one who stood at the parting of the ways in this closing century of Nero and his hordes? Which was the truer attitude for a Pagan who saw the seeming wreck of all the ancient faiths in the rise of Christianity? Hope or despair? Which was the truer attitude for one who saw the barbarians, a few centuries later, sweeping down upon a time-honored civilization and making all things strange and new? Which was the wiser attitude in those days of catastrophe, of upheaval and transition? When we consider the course of history since that period we see that wisdom was with the hopers.

Often in history there comes definite epochs of change, well-defined eras of thought and action.

There seems every indication that we ourselves are now living in such an epoch; that at the close of this century and at the opening of a new, great changes are taking place which will have a profound influence upon the future of society. Let us notice for a moment these changes and lines of activity, and consider whether they are to lead us, also, nearer to the kingdom for which Jesus and Paul worked, and whether we may not, with far more assurance than John of the Apocalypse, look for a new heavens and a new earth.

One of these changes is that along social and strictly humanitarian lines. Sociological questions are coming more prominently to the front. A great wave of interest in changing the condition of the people is sweeping over the civilized world.

There is no doubt that economic conditions are to be in some way readjusted. The opening of the new century, with its unrest, and with its great emphasis upon the study of social and economic problems, is to bring a new order, the form of which no one can yet fully determine. The prophets of the new order tell us that even poverty is to be abolished. If the three great sins which prevent the progress and well-being of mankind are the three I's, ignorance, indifference and injustice, nearly all would grant that these may be conquered by organized and individual effort. But the hopers believe that the day is at hand when new and better methods are to bring speedier results than many have dreamed possible.

We can see, indeed, that the new methods aim not alone at relief of the present moment. That was a beautiful custom of the early days which opened the abbeys to all who came asking for food and shelter. But the new method is supplanting this old one. It aims at the cause and cure. While it urges relief to the suffering it affirms that sympathy must be accompanied by thoughtful and scientific study of conditions, that it is wrong methods in the past that have made progress in well-being so slow. The young minds of the dawning century are taking hold of these great social problems as never before in the history of the world. Every theological school, every leading college in this country has established a chair of sociology and this almost, if not quite, within the last decade. We might define sociology as a study of the conditions and needs of the people, and all institutions of learning are now, at the opening of our century, recognizing this study as most important in educational training.

Another of the changes taking place is along political lines.

With perhaps the best foundation for a stable and

honorable government that has ever been known, we find ourselves face to face with evils almost as great as the feudal systems of the middle ages. We have the robber barons in national and in municipal affairs; we have the division of the spoils as in the days of the feudal lords. But the feudal system was overthrown or outgrown, and as the nineteenth passes into the twentieth century we see evidences of a change in our own political life, evidences of an awakening to what the evils are, and of methods for their remedy.

Nothing is more significant or more interesting in the history of nations than the manner in which these political reforms are shaping themselves. A slowly awakening political conscience on the part of business men; a new conviction that honest and upright business methods, not the methods of robber barons, are those which a municipality needs; the great lesson, too, taught by our recent war, that partisan politics will not make order and efficiency in army affairs, and the dawning knowledge that if the spoils system is not useful in this department of government, then it is not useful in any department.

The greatest question in political life at the present time is the question of civil service reform. The hopers and workers in this direction are not at all dismayed by an occasional defeat. They see the cause steadily growing. They note the change of tone on the part of all the leading newspapers of the nation, now strongly advocating at least civil service in city affairs. There is no doubt that a great majority of the thoughtful young men who take the helm at the opening of the twentieth century will stand for this new order in municipal and national government.

But in no department are the new heavens and the new earth so clearly discerned as in religion. At the centers of intellectual activity an entire change has taken place in the view as to the sources of religion, in the meaning of revelation and inspiration. A great ethical enthusiasm is identifying itself with religion, and it is becoming clear to theologians that Jesus and the Hebrew prophets had no system apart from the plea for adherence to a great ideal, to be embodied in good and beautiful living.

Stofford Brooke of England, one of the greatest living prophets and religious leaders, standing upon the very mountain top of vision, sees that the new order is taking shape in Christianity and issues his gospel of joy at the promise of it.

Let me quote you a passage from this gospel of his that you may see the life of it, the call it utters to the hopers and workers.

He says, "We stand upon the verge of this new life, and the main thing we have to do is to be alert and ready, looking out for the call of God, and the fresher light of his countenance, and rejoicing if we are counted worthy of fighting the good fight of faith. I bid you who are young to welcome the changes that are taking place with a greater joy than mine. For a full life is before you. A new world is opening; its dawn is already in the sky. To be young and indifferent, that were a shame. See that you are worthy of the gladness of the spring."

How important that at the beginning of this new year we should catch the spirit of the gospel of joy. How unfortunate they who enter the new year with indifference or melancholy or distrust of the new, because it may supplant or change the old. The part of wisdom and life and joy is to adjust oneself to the new order, to lend spirit and enthusiasm to the shaping of it. The one thing that crippled Matthew Arnold's great powers, and I believe prevented him from taking place beside the greatest of the English poets, was his innate fear of the new order in religion and society, his lack of hope and of confidence in the people. He stated clearly what he believed to be transient and what permanent in old systems of thought; his insight was keen as to the needs of the new time, but he seemed to have a settled spirit of melancholy lest when he was gone the Philistines could not work out the problem.

Arthur Hugh Clough, another English poet of great insight, saw the changes in religious thought with even greater melancholy and distrust. The old order was passing away, but what of the new? He could not give it sufficient form or life in his own mind to make material for the loftiest strains of poetry, and this most gifted of the young poets of England disappointed his friends and narrowed his own influence by a loss of hope and trust.

A tragedy in any life is the loss of hope. It is the hopers and workers that redeem and construct their world. Into that group of melancholy, ultra-critical, distrusting scholars, represented by Arthur Hugh Clough and Matthew Arnold, came two young men of transcendent vision over what the new order was to bring. These two young men, Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning, became the greatest poets of their century because they saw a universal religion emerging out of the unrest over the old faiths; because they believed in the readjustment and spiritual growth of the human race: because they hoped and trusted over the outcome of the great changes taking place around them. They became, indeed, prophets and leaders of the new order, and Tennyson well voices this fearless, hopeful spirit of theirs in his New Year's ode:

> Ring out a slowly dying cause,
> And ancient forms of party strife;
> Ring in the nobler modes of life,
> With sweeter manners, purer laws.
>
> Ring out false pride in place and blood,
> The civic slander and the spite;
> Ring in the love of truth and right,
> Ring in the common love of good.
>
> Ring in the valiant man and free,
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Then, too, in that great masterful poem, Paracelsus, Browning puts to shame a spirit of pessimism and fear. One of the most profound and beautiful utterances of our time is that passage in Paracelsus beginning, "And man appears at last," and running through to the close of the poem. The very appearance of man, this poet tells us, is a pledge of an upward tendency. Progress is the law of life. Paracelsus failed because he had not love's insight

> "To see a good in evil and a hope
> In ill-success; to sympathize, be proud
> Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
> Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
> Their prejudices and fears and cares and doubts;
> All with a touch of nobleness, despite
> Their error, upward tending all though weak."

It became clear to him at the last that in man's self, erring and ignorant though he may be,

> "In man's self arise August anticipations, symbols, types,
> Of a dim splendor ever on before."

It is this dim splendor ever on before, this vision of the kingdom of God ever coming, this hope of a new heavens and a new earth, wherein shall dwell a fuller measure of righteousness and wisdom and joy that gives life much of its zest and enthusiasm.

The very flower of religion is hope. From the old fabled days, when hope was left in the casket of Epimetheus, from the days of the vision of John in that first terrible century, to our own restless, eager time, hearts have been sustained and comforted by the thought that something better was ever on before. Great souls have persistently cherished great hopes that the forces of the universe were working toward righteousness, working, as William Morris sung, for the days when the world grows fair.

There are those who have entered the new year with

burdens of sorrow and suffering. But they also may be comforted by a beautiful vision. If they continue to look heavenward the clouds will be seen breaking away. May they never forget that the souls of deepest insight have ever been, even in the depths of suffering, souls of the sublimest hopes; that the prophets always turn their faces to the dawn; that there are spiritual resources in this universe of God's which may always be drawn upon in the time of deepest need.

It is our privilege—let it be our joy as well—to see at this opening year the signs of a new heavens and a new earth. Let us be among the hopers and workers, to greet and to hasten the new order of God.

The Law of Inspiration.

From a sermon by Rev. Samuel Johnson.

"Among the waterfalls of the Alps there is one beside which the traveler is sure to linger, whatever his character or mood, as if it held him by some primal relation to his being, which he could not break if he would and would not if he could. Two separate streams, turbid with earthly mixture, descend from hidden sources, and converge to the brink of an abyss. They are as different as streams can well be and the rocks part them till they reach the verge. One, it would seem, is Strength, a heaving, headlong mass, speeding straight to its purpose. The other is Love, moving gently, lingering over its own path, laving the rocks into delicate scoops as it goes. The instant they have passed the edge they unite in a vast wheel-like movement in which every part of the body is shattered into minutest atoms. You would say its very existence had been sacrificed in the plunge. Yet not one drop is lost nor does one dash of spray overstep the limit of an almost inpalpable curve which marks the point of return. Now in that shattered dust of waters mark what mysteries of change. It seems as if a perfect interfusion and recombination of all the atoms of the two were working, and as if the whole were instinct with some such mysterious central force as guides the star dust of a forming world. At the point where this change is effected, enters a fresh energy. Instant and swift as one who overtakes to save, a crystal waterfall glides down the cliff on one side with gleam as of a sword flashing along the rocks, and buries itself in that storm of vapor and spray. A surging mist rolls up, veiling the beautiful contact and reinforcement, and farther away, down the chasm, you see the river flowing on, jubilant in fullness, yet serene, its conflict transcended, its rock barrier passed, and rainbows are palpitating in sunshine through the mists, as if throbs of joy pressed upward from an emancipated soul.

"When the forces of human character concentrate in self-surrender to an idea, to a principle, to a sympathetic appreciation, to a common good, there is a forward plunge, out of self, out of the past, out of experience into unknown depths—ties apparently indispensable are broken—there is no pledge of support or aid in the open cleft of sacrifice before it; yet just then out of that very cleft descends a reinforcement which fills the gulf of conflict, the strait of duty with beauty and delight. This unpredicted, unexplained energy, not possible before, in any of the elements of that step, unlike any of them, born in the cleft and gulf of transition into a larger, and so, in some sense, a universal life is Inspiration. It is the fine radiance you see on a child's face when for the first time he has silenced the cry of a selfish desire, or spoken truth to his own loss, or indignantly defended the right side against the stronger. It is that unforeseen aid which comes to meet our aspirations and endeavors, out of the unexplored heights of our moral personality.

It is the exhilaration which attends the acceptance of a nobler attraction, shattering the egoism of fixed ideas, experiences, associations. And it is born within these brave ventures as inevitably as the hills are flooded with the morning light. Such the fact and such its conditions indicating at least that the steps of growth are more than the mere pressure upward of lower, finite forces—that when strength and love unite in striking free from what is limiting and selfish, the shattering plunge should fall on the void and 'find the rock beneath;' that the rainbows should appear above it, the green meadows of song beyond involves the action of forces limitless and universal. It proves the correlation of descent with ascent, of inspiration with aspiration, of infinite with finite in all steps of spiritual evolution."

The Study Table.

The most magnificent literary enterprise with which the century closes is a reprint in English of the French, Latin and Italian documents describing the travels and explorations of the French Jesuit Missionaries among the Indians of Canada and the Northern and Northwestern states, from 1610 to 1781. These documents have been entirely out of reach of the vast majority of scholars. They will now be published in 750 sets only. It is a pity that there is no other way whereby so magnificent an enterprise can be made to pay its way. The work is being printed by the Burrows Brothers of Cleveland, whose work is beyond all comparison for beauty and literary taste. As the edition is strictly limited, subscriptions can be entered only for the entire series, payable as issued. There will be seventy volumes, octavo, averaging 300 pages each, printed in large type, and bound in polished buckram cloth. When the publishers say that no pains will be spared in making these volumes in every way in keeping with the historical value of the work, we know what it means. Looking across my table, I see one of the most elegant volumes ever issued from an American press, an edition of "Lorna Doone," bearing the imprint of Burrows Brothers. We have only to add, in order to show the superb value of this work, that it will be edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, a man of unexcelled ability to perform the work in hand. The price of each volume will be $3.50, and subscriptions must be promptly entered.

The *Atlantic* for February comes to the front with what I think may be called the ablest article that has yet appeared on the Colonial Expansion of the United States, by Hon. A. Lawrence Lowell. He shows that the United States has always had colonies, even before it was a nation. Two ideally pretty short stories especially attract my attention, from the pens of Miss Jewett and Charles G. D. Roberts. Prof. James of Harvard talks to teachers of psychology—a subject that just now needs to be brought somewhere into rational compass, by such men as Prof. James. Modern psychology, including child study, is being made to cover full as much nonsense as good sense. Probably most western readers will take more especial delight in an article by Jane Addams. She discusses Hull House, Chicago, of which she is the well-known superintendent. The difficulties of practical charity and philanthropy are pathetically set forth.

From the Open Court Publishing Company I am in receipt of two very important works. Personally, I have watched for some time past the remarkable scientific and philosophic essays which have come from the pen of Dr. Wood Hutchinson, of the University of Buffalo. A volume from him is one of the most invigorating books that I have ever had the good for-

tune to examine. There is not a waste word in it, nor a slavish thought. Every essay startles us out of old preconceptions, and wakens us to free thinking and noble doing. I hardly know how to wisely refer to the chapter on Reproduction—only to say that every intelligent person should read it and then reread it, and after he has read it the third time let him form his opinion. The chapter on the Value of Pain is stimulating and helpful to a degree equaled only by the well-known essays of Mr. Hinton on the same topic. Other chapters are: On the Strength of Beauty (and this is a magnificent treatment of the subject); Courage the First Virtue, showing the neglect of courage by Christian ethics; Love as a Factor in Evolution; Life Eternal; The Beauty of Death, and the Benefits of Over-population. It is in no sense a common book; in no sense a book to be read and then shoved aside. It is literally and in fact what it is called, "The Gospel According to Darwin." The price of the volume is only $1.50.

The open Court Publishing Company also sends me a republication of "Travels in Tartary, Thibet and China," by M. Huc, in two volumes and illustrated by fifteen engravings on wood. The work is invaluable to anyone who wishes to comprehend Buddhism. It is also a most delightful book of travel, adventure and study. Literature has hardly produced its equal. It has become a classic.

One of the most delicious souvenirs that was ever laid on my table is the "Year Book of the Jackson Sanitorium." It was my good fortune to spend a few weeks at this Home on the Hillside at Dansville, N. Y., and here I have before me reproduced, with all the skill of art, the waterfalls, the mountains, the forest nooks, the winding brooks, which can never be forgotten by anyone who has seen them. With all the rest we have reproduced the magnificent Home and the cottages that surround it. The central truth on which this institution was founded is that the way to health is to be found by living in obedience to the divine laws of life. It strictly adheres to the purpose, not only to restore sick people to health, but to teach the philosophy of health by right living. Here mothers can find out those subtle laws which govern their constitution and enable them to give to the world an improved manhood. This is the place, also, for fathers to learn the laws which should govern their relations to the family and to themselves. There is a good deal of Christian science in the institution, but it is not the representative of any of the modern schools of faith cure or mental healing.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine put its imprint at the very start on a book which indicates one of the marked drifts of the close of the century. The American people are learning to love history. Particularly are we interested in the history of the last hundred years. Events move in cycles, and one of these cycles seems to be a century. So it happens that we are living over again many of the political and social struggles that engaged our fathers in the time of Adams and Jefferson. It is absolutely necessary for us not to break with the past. History is not only the great instructor in political life, but in home life and individual life. "Home Life in Colonial Days", comes to us, therefore, as a very timely book, as well as one that is most delightful. It is a series of word photographs of what was going on in the quiet family life that preceded the Steam Age. It is a book for every old person to enjoy, in order that he may live over his past, and it is equally a delicious book for every young person to read, that he may comprehend the poetry of the life of his fathers as well as the hardships. The illustrations are exceedingly rich, and in every case are from real articles, and real scenes. These constitute altogether a real museum of the home life and social life of the early part of the century. Many a curious article has been hunted out from the lofts of woodsheds, old garrets, moldering warehouses, old trunks and sea chests, and here we have them. It happens to be a fact that human folk rush ahead with all speed and energy for a generation or two, and then they slack up a while, to look back and enjoy what has been accomplished. This book is in this line of joyous reminiscence. It is written by Alice Morse Earle and published by the Macmillan Company. E. P. P.

Prof. Freeman's Chapel Prayers.*

The promised volume of Prof. Freeman's prayers is just from the publisher's hands. It is prefaced by an appreciation of President Cary a short sketch of his life by Prof. Christie, and a tribute by Prof. Toy. When the thought of prefacing these prayers with printed articles was first spoken of some feared a possible weight. The volume, like Rembrandt's best work, should concentrate the light on the face and hands—the chair and the drapery to recede. Such fear disappears in the presence of the volume. Those who knew him personally, and those who will first hear and then learn to love him, through these prayers, will joy in the life outlines of the three friends. And of the prayers, what shall one say? One can say so much. But "being still unto God," with silent praise, as the Psalmist says, is better thanks. It speaks a language and breathes a spirit that will find its way to children's hearts through parent hands; young men will carry it close to their higher purposes, and age shall warm in the light of its trust. He spoke to me once of an experience that strengthened his sense of prayer. Coming home late one night, he found a little German girl crying on the street. She could find no one to pray with her dying father. He went home with her; his knowledge of speaking German was then limited. But he knew the "Vater Unser." Kneeling beside the dying man, father, daughter and stranger—all three—they repeated the Lord's prayer. * * * Friends may regret that he published no lengthy articles in the critical field. Yes. Yet who would give Parker's prayers for all his published works if that should be the last chance of ever getting another? Much as we admire Stevenson's writings, who would exchange the whole author's edition for the few lines;

"The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.—Amen."

Our special form of faith will be recounted in days and years to come, when all else shall be forgot, for some of its American hymns and prayers. The grace of its life and strength are there.

LOUIS H. BUCKSHAN.

Life-Cries.

My little child lay moaning as she slept.
What dream of evil through her slumbers crept
I knew not—but her forehead I caressed,
And to her trembling lips my own I pressed.
Smiling. she woke. Her grief had taken wing.
The kiss had power to make her sorrow sing.

Is here a parable? Is Life a dream?
Doth all our anguish not exist, but seem?
Daily—not sleeping, but awake—we moan!
Yes! but the guest-room—it is Nature's own;
And may it be that she, when ends our breath,
Wakes us to Peace with that sweet kiss of Death?

—JAMES H. WEST.

*Chapel Prayers of George Rudulph Freeman, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature at Meadville Theological School. G. H. Ellis, Boston, 1898.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—God has nothing but Himself to make His children out of. They are spirit because He is spirit.
MON.—The lowliest life is noble when it is nobly followed.
TUES.—We, the common people, are the ones who are making history.
WED.—If God's power is not manifested in the everyday lives of the common people, it is not manifested anywhere.
THURS.—Our aim must be to believe that God has a plan for us and yield ourselves to it.
FRI.—A sense of personal responsibility is the only groundwork of a normal life.
SAT.—We are philosophers in thought as well as in deed, because we are dealing continually with the eternal principles of righteousness.

—*Theodore F. Seward.*

I Wonder.

I wonder and wonder at even,
As the twilight fades away,
If children have birthdays in heaven,
Or if they are young alway;
And whether the angels name them,
Knowing the name we knew,
And if the mothers may claim them,
When there's no more work to do.

And I wonder will the morning
That dawns beyond the sea,
With the glory of its dawning,
Give my little one to me?
Yet while I wonder, weeping,
On the hidden yet to be,
I trust the Lord is keeping
My little one for me.

A Queen of Society.

In the life of Madame Mohl, a woman who, without rank, fortune or beauty, held a controlling position in French society for the greater part of a century, there are useful hints for American women who wish to gain influence in the world.

Her dinners were famous. The most learned, wise and witty men of every country were her guests, and she gave much anxious thought to assorting them, to placing them, and to the suggestion of subjects which would draw from each the best he could give. The food was plentiful, but plain and simply cooked, and only a white-capped maid served it. There was no display of any kind.

Queen Sophia of Holland, when visiting Napoleon III., expressed a wish to dine with Madame Mohl, who asked a brilliant company to meet her.

"And what will be your menu?" asked an anxious friend.

"Oh, Marie must cook us a lobster," said the old lady; "she cooks lobster very nicely."

The usual simple dinner was served, with its sauce of rare wit and wisdom, and the queen was enchanted.

The next day, with her suite, she came to call upon her hostess. Madame Mohl, her gray hair in curl papers, attired in a short jacket and skirt, was busy dusting the chairs, while the linen from the laundry was spread upon the table. When the royal party suddenly entered, the old lady laid down her brush and after welcoming the queen, chatted away as gayly as usual.

"Were you not mortified at being caught in such a dress?" a friend asked the next day.

"Not a bit, my dear. I didn't mind it. Neither did Her Majesty. I suppose it was important to her maid and the flunky who waited behind her, and they were mortified."

A Heroic Dog.

Little Eddie Kleintop, the six-year-old son of Edward Kleintop, of Eldred Township, Pa., owes his life to a dog's fidelity. For two days and nights he was lost in the wilds of the Pocono Mountains. The child's account is simple and is as follows:

"I slept all night, mamma, and doggie was close to me. I took him for a pillow. He was so nice and warm. He didn't have anything to eat, but I picked an awful lot of berries."

The woods and the mountain sides were searched in a vain effort to find the missing child. That night a fearful storm swept over the mountains. It was such a night as the bravest man would not care to spend alone in the mountains. When the Kleintops thought of their little child, thinly clad and unprotected, at the mercy of the elements and, perhaps, of wild beasts, they shuddered. "He is dead," they said. "He could not have lived through that awful night."

Two days later Penrose Walck, mountaineer, slowly made his way to the home of the Kleintops. In his arms he carried the lost Eddie, and at his heels trotted the faithful dog. Walck said he had found the little fellow four miles from the place where he was lost.

The wonderful devotion of the dog was shown in a singular manner. Walck offered Eddie some food he had with him, but the child refused to eat it. Then it was offered the dog, but despite the fact that it had not tasted food in two days, the dog refused to touch it until his little master offered it to him. Then he devoured it ravenously.

Never did child have a truer friend than this dog was to Eddie. When Walck approached them the dog growled ominously and prepared to attack him. But Eddie recognized in Walck a friend and ran to him, and then the dog came up and meekly licked his hand.—*The Humane Alliance.*

The Dogs of War.

Owing to the war with Spain this summer, the duties of dogs in war has more than ordinary interest. In the armies of almost every European country except Great Britain dogs are trained either as spies, messengers or to render help and assistance to the wounded. Germany, France, Russia, Austria and Italy all have their bands of trained dogs, although it is in the first named country that they are made the most use of.

Since 1888 Prussia has employed various kinds of dogs for this purpose, including short-haired German pointers, spaniels and sheep dogs. Two dogs are appointed to each company, each being under the special care of one man, the men being under the command of a sergeant, while a lieutenant has the command of the whole of the "handlers."

Almost the whole of the time of these men is given up to the training of the dogs under their care. They teach them to carry dispatches and deliver cartridges to the fighting line, to search for wounded or fallen soldiers, and, when they have found them, to bark until assistance arrives.

If they cannot attract any attention by barking they carry back the wounded man's cap, or tear off a piece of his clothing and carry it to the hospital, when the attendants return with them to the wounded soldier and convey him to the hospital.—*The Humane Alliance.*

Tiny shoes intended for dogs are made and sold in London. They are only worn indoors, and are to protect polished floors from scratches.

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Christian Science.—Mr. Carroll Norton, a member of the board of lectureship of the Christian Science movement, who, once, we believe, was a member of the Unitarian ministry, in a recent address in Music Hall, Baltimore, thus justifies his belief that Christian Science heals:

"In 1890 I was instantaneously healed of a complication of six disorders by Christian Science and have been perfectly well ever since. Four of the best physicians in New York city failed to effect a cure, and Christian Science healed me when I was wholly ignorant of and opposed to its tenets, and with only enough faith in it to lead me to try it as a last resort."

Celtic Life and Researches.—The people engaged in the manufacture of tin-plate in Wales have decreased fifty per cent. during the last seven years.

—It is claimed that the first Welsh book was printed in 1546, the first Gaelic book in 1567, the first Irish book in 1571.

—The Czar of Russia is reported as being a heavy purchaser of tin, iron and coal from the little principality of Wales.

—Mr. Andrew Lang calls on the Neo-Celts to provide us with Celtic texts and literary translations of Celtic literature; in short, to do for Ireland, Brittany and Wales what Mr. Neil Munro has begun to do for the west islands.

—Baring Gould is at present at work on an historical novel dealing with Norman times in Wales, in the preparation of which he has made several visits to South Wales. The scene is partly laid in the cathedral city of Saint David's, one of the most quaint and instructive piles found on the Island of Great Britain.

—The University College of Wales at Aberystwyth has recently been much excited over the misdemeanor of a young lady, who, from her second-story window, talked with a young man in the street below. The young lady was taken home under threat of expulsion and the young man "rusticated" for three months for having lured the young lady to her window with his whistle. The senate had ten meetings and sat over thirty hours over the problem. The boys, American fashion, paraded the campus, caps off, singing the dead march and a Welsh funeral hymn, after which they carried the young whistler on their shoulders and sent him home with a cheer.

—The Unitarian Welsh services held in Essex Hall, London, were suspended for the two Sundays of the holidays because, according to the *Inquirer*, "the majority of the members attending had gone on a visit to the principality."

London.—James Martineau, who is well along in the nineties, recently appeared at the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, to pay his annual dues, apologizing for the fact that it was seven or eight days over time. It would be well for the religious interests of the world if there were more nonagenarians, if it takes that long to acquire the habit of prompt payment of religious subscriptions.

Madras, India.—"Society" was much disturbed here on the second of December by the marriage of a Brahman bride to a groom of lower caste. Both husband and bride had studied in England. Family and social pressure were used to prevent the marriage, and dark prognostications of evil hinted at. Rev. S. Fletcher Williams, the Unitarian missionary in India, was one of the guests at the wedding feast, where there were a variety of castes represented. This is reformation indeed. Conservatism in India, as elsewhere to-day, is not so much theological or ethical as it is social. Break up the tyranny of society and you have bargained for freedom and progress.

Buddhism.—The Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society, published in Calcutta, announces the establishment of an ethico-psychological college at Colombo, Ceylon, by our friend, Dharmapala, and the gift of fifteen thousand rupees to the society of Calcutta for the enlargement of the above mentioned journal. These are offered as indication of an awakening of Buddhism, which is also, according to this journal, "evidence of an increase of interest in matters of religion. Far from regarding it as a movement that will injure Christianity, we see in it an exhortation for Christians to do likewise. The old aggressiveness of Christian missions must yield to a new method of missionarizing, based on the proper Christian spirit of good-will and mutual interest. Instead of condemning the great leaders of other religions, men like Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed, Christian missionaries must recognize those elements of truth which agree with the teachings of their own master, and they will soon find a better response in the hearts of the followers of other faiths. They should not slur over the differences of the creeds; but they should gladly recognize that which we all hold in common, and try to understand the *raison d'etre* of the differences in a brotherly spirit. Whenever other religions assert themselves in benevolent and missionary institutions, let us sympathize with their efforts and even assist them to reach the truth in their own way; for we need not worry about the truth. Let us propagate the truth as we see it, and the truth, whatever it may be, will be victorious in the end."

A Christianity that will not claim the above spirit as a part of its own hope and in the line of its own activity, is a Christianity concerning the future of which the world is not much exercised.

A Voice from the Pulpit.—It has been claimed with some justice that the pulpit had much to do with precipitating the Spanish-American war. We fear that the pulpit has had much to do in inflaming the public heart with a dream of an easy expansion of Christianity or American ideas that is to follow in the wake of an expanded territory. We are glad when a pulpit lifts its voice in the interest of what seems to us sanity in this matter, at least when it remembers that the conquest of religion must ever be the conquest of ideas, and never the conquest of arms. Rome conquered Greece, but Greece is the greater nation. Assyria conquered Judah, but Jerusalem and not Babylon occupies the larger place in the history of the world.

"The way out of the present difficulties," Mr. Sunderland of Oakland, Cal., says, is to abandon the whole policy of expansion.

"Let the Senate refuse to ratify the treaty with Spain," said the speaker. "Offer to our conquered and humiliated foe another treaty worthy of a great and powerful nation that believes in justice and liberty.

"Let the new treaty demand no compensation for a war which we ourselves began and began in the name of humanity. Let it insure for Cuba freedom and independence under the protection of the United States. Leave Porto Rico where we found her, under the rule of Spain, where she wanted to be, where she was contented and at peace.

"Let the new treaty demand that the Philippines be made independent. We have no claim on them, not even the poor claim of conquest."

Leland Stanford University.—A new department, entitled "Bible Science and Ethical Topics," is about to be added to this university. This is one more step towards that true school in theology for which we are still waiting. Religion should be studied in the presence of and under the inspiration and guidance of the wise men who are most competent in directing the studies and enkindling the lives of young men and women in other directions.

Light in the Black Belt of Alabama.—The Annual Tuskegee Negro Conference will be held this year on Wednesday, February 22, 1899, and the Workers' Educational Conference on Thursday, February 23d, at Tuskegee, Ala.

The Negro conference is composed of hundreds of the representative farmers, mechanics, ministers and teachers from all parts of the South.

The Workers' Conference is composed of the presidents of and instructors in the colored institutions of high grade in the South.

These gatherings have proven most profitable in the past, and it is believed that the conference to be held this year will prove no exception to the rule. All of the friends of the institutions, North and South, as well as all others interested in these conferences, are invited.

Further information will be gladly given by Booker T. Washington, principal, Tuskegee Institute, if sought.

Nagarkar at Rockford.—Our friend and dear brother Nargarkar has been a most welcome visitor among us. We have been made glad by his presence. He preached for us last Sunday, and delivered three notable public lectures. In these he has given every evidence of his great ability to interest and instruct. His manner, style of thought, and conception of his subject, together with his attractive personality, have made his lectures most pleasing and long to be remembered. As he leaves us, for other appointments, we regret to part with him; and shall hold his visit and work among us in affectionate memory.

Jan. 31, 1899.

Geneva, Ill.—The Unitarian annual supper and parish meeting, which was held at the church Wednesday evening, January 18, was largely attended. Covers were laid for, and one hundred and seventy-five people were served supper. This did not include the children of the church, as they are to have their church supper and good time in the near future. Reports were made by the secretaries of the many organizations within the church and all showed prosperity, increased efficiency, and financial balances in the treasury of each department. The Sunday-school has ten teachers, six officers, and one hundred members.

Addresses were made during the evening by Rev. M. J. Miller, Prof. Hussey and T. P. Byrnes.

The church book and membership list was opened upon the table and eleven new members enrolled their names, making eighty people who have joined the church within a year. The minister reported about ninety sermons preached, three lectures, six addresses, twelve funerals, leading the Sunday-school part of the year, teaching a class during the whole year, leading the teachers' meeting and the Unity Club. The report also showed a large and uniform attendance at the morning and evening services of the church throughout the year, especially the large attendance of men at all the services of the church.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: M. J. Miller, president; J. P. Fox, secretary; Carl Lager, treasurer; additional trustees, O. K. Rockwell, Mrs. Julia McArthur, Miss Anna Haskell, Mrs. John Goss.

Books Received.

The Macmillan Company, New York: "The Story of France From the Earliest Times to the Consulate of Napoleon Bonaparte." By Thomas E. Watson. In two volumes. Vol. I. pp. 695. $2.50.

"Morality as a Religion—An Exposition of Some First Principles." By W. R. Washington Sullivan. pp. 296. $2.00.

R. R. Donnelley & Sons, Chicago. "The Merchant Prince of Cornville." A Comedy. By Samuel Eberly Gross. pp. 168.

Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Square, London. "Angels' Wings. A Series of Essays on Art and its Relation to Life." By Edward Carpenter. With nine full-page plates. pp., 248. $2.00.

Small, Magnard & Co., Boston. "America in Hawaii." By Edmund James Carpenter. pp., 250.

Frank Wagnalls Company. "The Imperial Republic." By James C. Fernald. pp., 192.

PAMPHLETS.

"Report of the Educational Commission of the City of Chicago. pp., 248.

"The World Almanac and Encyclopœdia,." 1899. Published by the New York World. 35 cents.

"Manila and the Philippine Islands." Published by the Philippines Co.

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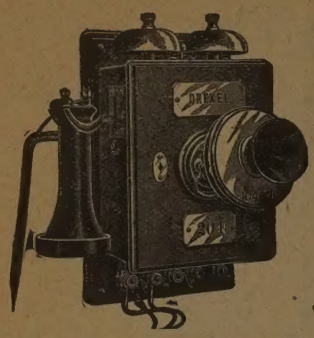

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